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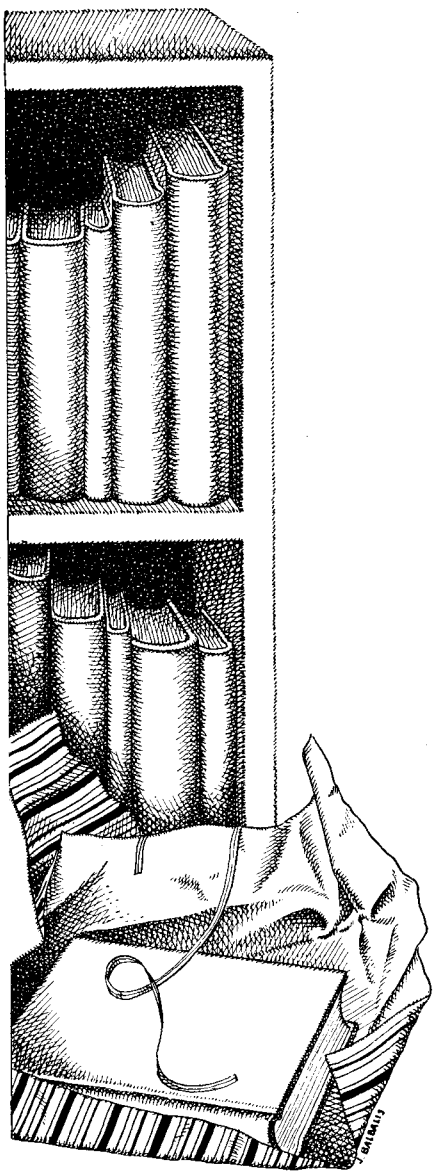

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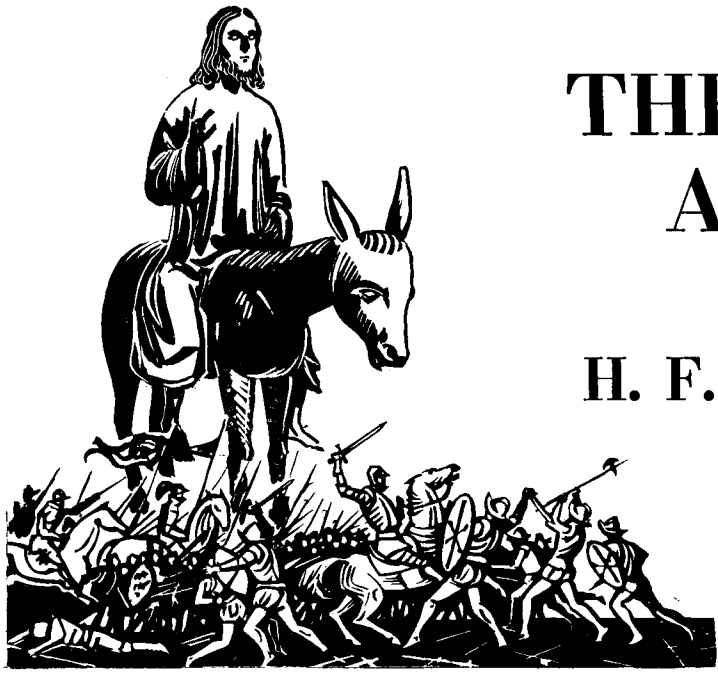

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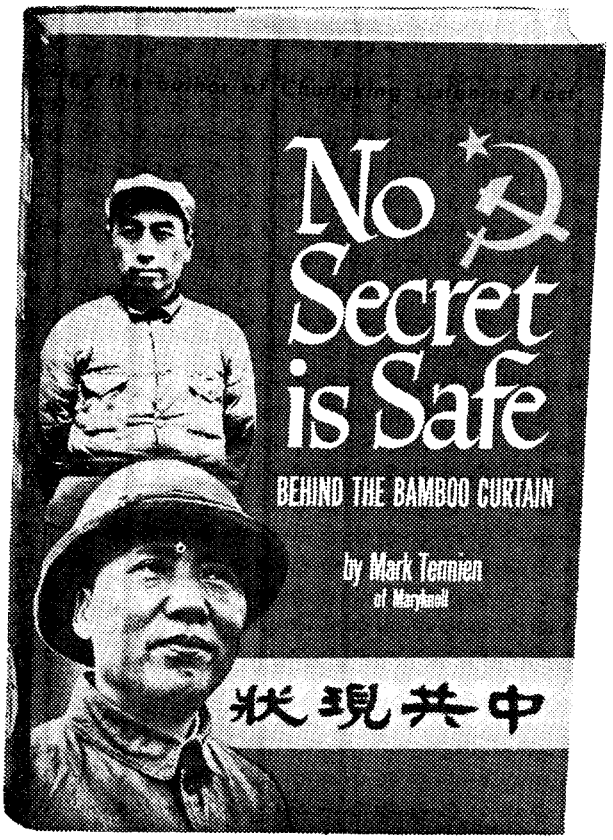

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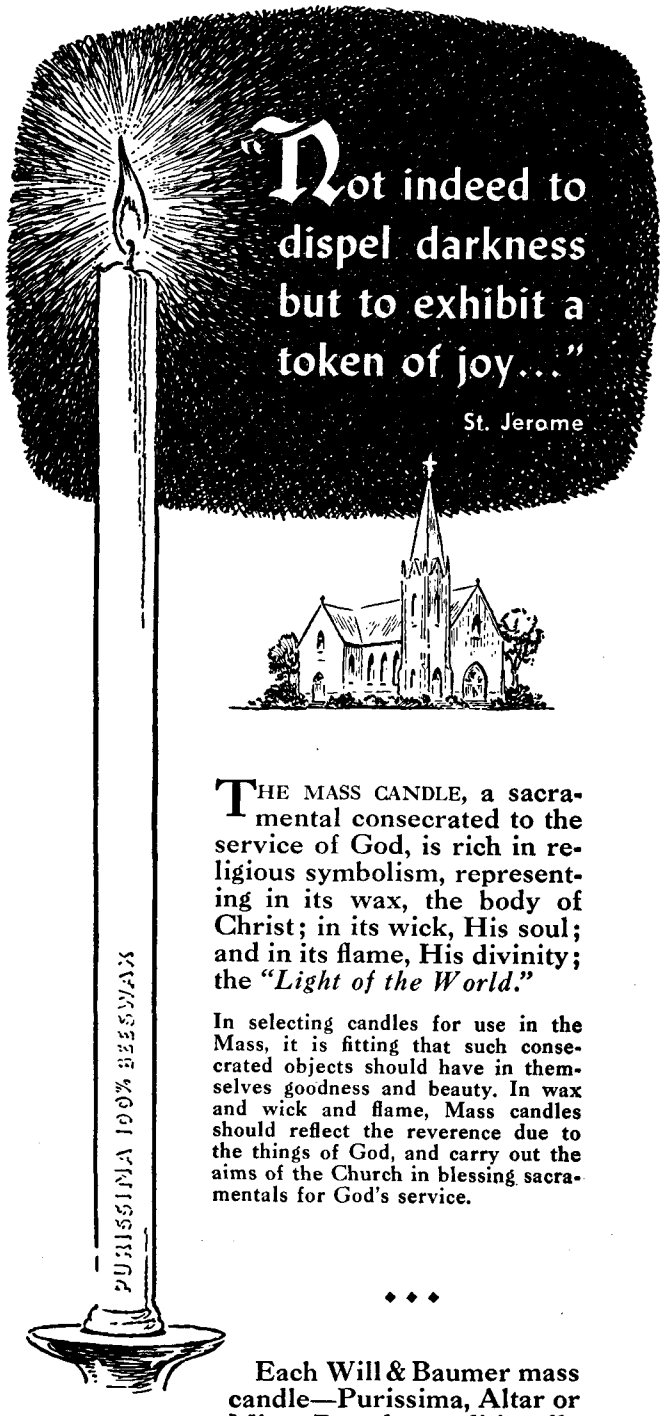

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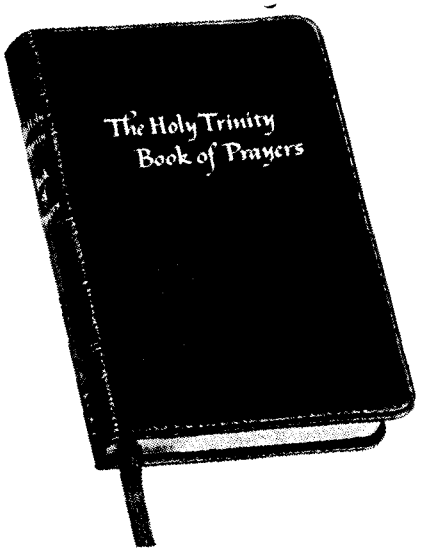

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THE Commonweal

week by week

THE CLIMATE OF POLITICS

THE appointments to President-elect Eisenhower's Cabinet have indicated the probable character of his administration. If these indications are correct, it will fail to satisfy the forthrightly liberal minority in the Republican party, but it will also refuse to placate the more numerous "Old Guardsmen." From present appearances, it will adhere to a business-like, middle-of-the-road position in domestic affairs and continue a policy of enlightened self-interest in foreign relations. It will, in short, be an honestly conservative administration, but probably not a reactionary one.

Republicans like Senator Bricker who have looked forward to the day when the "last vestiges of the New Deal" could be "wiped out" seem destined to eternal disappointment. The major social legislation of the past twenty years cannot be repealed. But they may take some comfort from the fact that, though they must learn to live with what New Deal legislation we now have, few new affronts to their economic orthodoxy will be offered in the next four years. During this time there seems little chance that much strengthening or radical extension of this legislation will take place.

By presiding over the type of administration which seems likely to evolve, Dwight D. Eisenhower can perform a great service to his party. He can achieve for it in power what could probably never have been achieved in opposition: a Republicanism which accepts the facts of economic and international life in the modern world from the standpoint of an enlightened conservatism and is thus capable of responsibility in both victory and defeat. For not all conservatives are reactionaries, and a conservative party which is alive to the real problems and challenges of our age will have a great contribution to make toward securing peace and freedom in our time.

With the Republican party thus returned to power and given a chance to redeem its years of sterility, the Democrats face a serious challenge. They must rebuild a force of liberal politics in American life, and this will be no simple task, for in their defeat large segments of American opinion are now celebrating the defeat and ultimate humiliation of liberalism itself. The obituaries written for "liberalism" since November 4 have been numerous, and most of them have gleefully disregarded the ancient axiom that one speaks nothing but good of the dead.

WHEN a great upheaval in national politics takes place, something always dies. In the Roosevelt sweep of 1932 "reaction" died as a governing force in American economic life, even though the Republican party itself may have had to wait for twenty years to realize this in its own return to power.

In the Eisenhower landslide of 1952 "liberalism" may well have died its death. If so, it is to be hoped that the Democrats will not mourn it unduly during their years of exile. For just as all conservatives are not reactionaries, neither are all liberals *"liberals."* If *"liberalism"* was repudiated by the American voters, it is now the task of the Democratic party to rebuild a more responsible, more mature liberal party in the United States. And the architect for their task is, fortunately, close at hand.

During the course of the campaign The Commonweal wrote that Adlai Stevenson promised to restore to the American political tradition "the finest element of genuine liberalism: its value for the tentative judgment, its rejection of political dogmatism." His promise remains as clear and necessary in defeat as it would have been in victory. For the sins of the "liberals" were indeed many, as their foes delight in pointing out, and they were visited upon the Democratic party in this year's election. But the spiritual dynamism and idealism which represent liberalism's best genius were not repudiated and must be revitalized.

This task requires an insight into the moral and intellectual values which should lend liberalism its validity, and a consequent rejection of those attitudes which have caused its current decline. It requires, in short, an affirmation of the essentially

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moral basis of liberalism's vision and a rejection of the pragmatism, opportunism, moral relativism and dogmatic secularism which have too frequently poisoned its programs.

In his campaign utterances Governor Stevenson demonstrated a grasp of the moral, intellectual, and spiritual basis of the liberal vision which was as unique as it was moving. He became, for a few months, the conscience of the liberal voice in our national life. If his voice continues to be heard, a true rebirth of the Democratic party can be achieved during the next four years.

THE CHRONIC DOLLAR GAP

THE complaint of the economics professor that he sends his students out into the world as free traders only to have them turn into ardent protectionists explains why it is so hard to develop a national foreign trade policy that is immediately disinterested. Now that business men are to have a leading role in Washington with the emphasis on the practical side of things, our lower tariff policy is in question.

Yet the gap between American exports and imports, except in 1950, has exceeded five billion dollars in every postwar year. Imports account for only two per cent of the consumer dollar. Most of the trade deficit has been balanced by our thirty-five billions in foreign grants. As the United States hardly can be counted on to continue foreign aid on such a scale—particularly with an administration pledged to economize—other means must be sought for achieving a sounder balance.

Payments in gold do not constitute one of these unless we wish to risk what might happen with our bullion if the rest of the world were permanently to go off the gold standard. Gold reserves in many nations are already perilously low.

Cutting American exports would have such results as reducing domestic output, and consequently gainful employment. Other nations might bring this about; it is obviously not politically feasible to originate such a policy over here.

While there are greater possibilities in seeking to increase American imports—and this would give needed stimulus to the industries of Western Europe, built up physically by the Marshall Plan—the obstacles are immense. A low tariff, the chief tenet of many economics professors, is but one of the factors.

To begin with, everything points to a more protectionist tariff policy here after the turn of the year. The 1951 legislation already contains escape clauses should spokesmen for American industry or agriculture demand relief from "harmful" foreign competition. To hold onto present tariff schedules will be battle enough. But even if by some wonder of wonders the United States should go free trade, the London *Economist* would foresee an increase in imports far short of the dollar gap.

The prospect is, however, that American imports will actually fall for tariff and other reasons—among them the difficulties in competing against our more advanced production and merchandizing methods. To resist such a decline by all feasible means is obviously one of the requirements. Another is to expand our public and private investments in both developed and underdeveloped lands.

In the end, however, nothing short of international economic cooperation on a scale hitherto undreamed of in the United States would seem to supply the only hope. It would include, among other things, minimum guarantees for our annual purchases of raw materials and some sort of unprecedented international payments union. Bridging the perilous dollar gap calls for a new level of statesmanship.

NEXT WEEK

DOUGLAS HYDE writes about the fortified island of Malta.

"The Mediterranean is no barrier to the materialistic influence of the cinema, the radio and the glossy magazine, which represent a culture and portray a way of life which are alien and hostile to those the Maltese people have hitherto known. Those influences are gaining ground today and represent a disintegrating factor in the island's life. There are some who say that these influences, in moderation, are necessary in order to condition the Maltese to life in the outside world, rather like an inoculation against a deadly disease. But the value of inoculation is open to question if it threatens to kill the patient. . . ."

WILLIAM GREEN

MUCH more than in the case of Philip Murray, the death of William Green reflects the days of change in which we are now living. For the American Federation of Labor, which he headed since 1924, is the protagonist of old-line unionism of crafts and skilled labor. Its constituent unions tend to be dominated by old-style labor leaders, many of whom have held such office most of their lives.

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One reason the more militant CIO came into being in the early days of the Roosevelt Revolution was that it embodied a more radical approach to the organization of the mass-production industries. Mr. Green, however, stood for continuity and the American Federation grew in numbers under his guiding hand. It also changed with the times in such matters as pushing for social legislation, aiding democratic unionism abroad and in the last election (for the first time) backing a Presidential candidate.

Because of the mellownesss, patience and mildness that marked his later years, William Green served as a moderating influence in the tensions that arose between American business and organized labor. To the very end he hoped that the rift in the ranks of labor could be closed. He has left an enduring mark on the American labor movement of our time. May he rest in peace.

THE DAY OF THE H-BOMB

THERE was a certain note of inevitability about the news that the H-bomb had been translated from theory into fact. Once word had been received that the Russians had produced an atomic explosion of their own, President Truman gave the word to go ahead on the H-bomb. After that step was taken, somehow everyone took it pretty much for granted that the scientists would be successful in producing the new and terrible weapon, and apparently, produce it they did.

If anyone could feel sure that the H-bomb would act as an effective check to war, there would undoubtedly be widespread rejoicing over this latest discovery. But this is a confidence no one seems to feel.

In any arms race there is very little security, and this is particularly true when the stakes are possession of a bomb which must itself be triggered by the lethal A-bomb. What little comfort can be had from such a deadly competition derives only from staying one jump ahead, and sometimes even that achievement seems to pose more problems than it solves.

No doubt a good part of the public apathy about the H-bomb derives from the conviction that no one really knows what it portends. But what is known for certain is that the H-bomb is a weapon of awesome power with a destroying radius of ten miles. If applied to cities, it would constitute a weapon of total annihilation, and there is apparently no theoretical limit on its size.

In all honesty, one cannot rejoice at the latest accomplishment of modern science. At best, it is only possible to say that if there had to be an H-bomb, it is better for the world (in spite of Hiroshima) that the United States possess it than Russia. But the unsolved, and at this time apparently insoluble, question is what happens after the Russians also have the H-bomb.

THE DU PONT CASE

THE biggest anti-trust case in history recently got under way in Federal court in Chicago, aimed at E. I. Du Pont de Nemours and Company and individual members of the Du Pont family. Government lawyers charge that the Du Pont industrial empire has exercised the greatest "sweep of monopoly" ever known through stock control of General Motors and United States Rubber. Some idea of the importance of the suit may be had from the fact that the total assets of the three companies involved amount to more than five billion dollars.

Government attorneys say that the Du Pont group owns twenty-three per cent of the G. M. stock and eighteen per cent of U. S. Rubber; in each case, it is contended, this amount suffices for absolute control because of the scattered ownership of the balance of the stock. One result of this interlocking, three-way control, the government charges, is the employment of a "scheme of exclusive rights" so that G.M., for example, uses only paints produced by Du Pont and tires made exclusively by U. S. Rubber. What the anti-monopoly attorneys want is not to break up the Du Pont company, but to force the Du Ponts and their holding companies to dispose of stock in General Motors and U. S. Rubber.

This case is sure to be a hard-fought one, and no decision can be expected for at least eight months. But no matter what the eventual outcome of this particular suit, the background facts which are beyond dispute illustrate certain almost untouched problems in our economic life.

When a corporation is one of the billion dollar giants, vast power is involved in its control. It may be possible to distribute stock-ownership in such corporations widely. But even if this is done, we still have not faced squarely the fact that such corporations are often controlled by people who own relatively little of the total stock (unlike the case of General Motors and the Du Ponts) and that in any case control of such corporations carries with it real power on a vast scale. We have an elaborate system for the control of political power; we have not yet devoted comparable thought or energy to the question of concentrated economic power.

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SCRAMBLING THE EGGHEADS

AFTER the first of these pieces on the eggheads appeared, I received a note from columnist Stewart Alsop, who was the first writer to talk of "eggheads." "In a way, I am sorry I coined the word," Mr. Alsop said. "It seems to have become a term of derision for all intellectuals, and I have no desire to increase the current wave of anti-intellectualism, which seems to me a very frightening phenomenon."

At about the same time a sermon was given to a group of Massachusetts Catholic school teachers by the luminous Bishop of Worchester, John J. Wright. Bishop Wright, like Mr. Alsop, thinks that America is entering a period of anti-intellectualism in which all pioneer thinking will be under suspicion for some time to come. The new American know-nothing spirit, Bishop Wright said, may result in "a mood of reaction in those areas of wholesome creative thinking where new approaches and fresh evaluations are precisely what we need in order to bring intellectual life closer to moral and spiritual inspiration."

Across the country, in Davenport, Iowa, editor Donald McDonald, the same week, wrote in the *Catholic Messenger*: "I think it is about time that we Catholics stop hitting all intellectuals over the head with our collection of (anti-intellectual) clichés which cannot but embitter the seculars, most of whom are honestly searching for the true and the good—a couple of items we have been asked to share, not gloat over. . . . The Catholic answer to the erring secular intellectual is not smug anti-intellectualism but rather a Catholic intellectualism which has Truth as its object and charity and humility as its major features."

Here is simultaneous confirmation from three separate informed sources that America (and the Church) is indeed clouded by a mood of anti-intellectualism. As Bishop Wright said: "It is tragic that genuinely brilliant minds and original thinkers should be cast in the shade to the great detriment of society because of the treason of a few reputed intellectuals. It is particularly tragic since one may well question not merely how representative these traitors or semi-traitors are but even how intellectual."

Anti-intellectualism arises from two evils: from uncertainty and fear, and, paradoxically enough, from intellectual pride. We are living in an age of unknown terrors and of cruel, baffling political and moral complexities. The road ahead is strewn with dangers; one misstep could set off the booby trap that would destroy civilization. We have to proceed step by step, like a man carefully finding his way through a dark forest.

This is maddening for all of us. We all long for simple alternatives: do this, or don't do that, and all will be well. The painful process of reasoning each step of the way, of actually accepting the complexity of things, of giving in neither to the mad dash of emotionalism nor to the helpless despair of waiting to be trapped, is a heavy burden for any people to bear.

It is the "intellectual" above all others who cautions against the waves of emotion that periodically sweep over us. It is the "intellectual" who says, as Adlai Stevenson said on a memorable occasion: "This is not the time for superficial solutions and everlasting elocution, for frantic boast and foolish word. For words are not deeds, and there are no cheap and painless solutions to war, hunger, ignorance, fear and imperialist Communism."

Because we all hate to hear this—especially in this country where the spirit of nineteenth-century optimism and mechanistic "progress" still colors our thinking—the tendency is to turn on the man who is forthright and conscientious enough to say it. The temptation is to entertain the illusion that by banishing the insistent voice of reason which describes evil we are somehow banishing the evil itself. The anti-intellectual prefers incantation to analysis. He foolishly believes that by forcing Socrates to drink the hemlock, he will spare himself the bitter brew of living in the age of anxiety.

Intellectual pride was the first sin, and it still has many guises. Certainly no one would deny the monstrous role that pride has played in the intellectual history of the world, no more than one would deny the humility that has characterized the greatest thinkers, pagan and Christian alike. But I suspect that pride among the "intellectuals" is not so rampant a vice as many anti-intellectual critics would have it. For every smug "intellectual" there are a dozen self-satisfied Philistines.

Intellectual pride, in my experience, often disguises itself quite successfully as extreme intellectual humility. It is not because he denies the claims of the intellect that the anti-intellectual turns on the intelligentsia (I use the word without the accustomed sneer) but because he feels himself to be their intellectual superior; he finds their habits of study and painful investigations unnecessary, in view of his own supposed natural endowments. This kind of pride often lurks behind the noisy "humility" of the anti-intellectual.

It may be humility, for instance, which leads a man to say that he does not know anything about art; but it is pride which moves him to add that he knows though what he likes. Almost always, he feels that what he likes *is* art—if art has any meaning at all—and that the serious artist (the man who has spent a lifetime studying the subject) is puffed up with foolish pretensions which cannot compare with the wisdom and taste of his own instinctive choice.

JOHN COGLEY.

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The Last Days of the Ritz

"THE RITZ, TO ME, WAS A SYMBOL OF EUROPEAN SAVOIR-FAIRE . . . BUDAPEST WAS MY NEW YORK, THE RITZ MY NEWPORT."

JOHN A. LUKACS

I WAS sitting in the solitary-confinement cell in the barracks of the First Royal Hungarian Anti-Aircraft Artillery Regiment, Battery I/B, when the door slowly opened. A friend entered, with a pint bottle of brandy and a piece of paper.

"A note from Chicken," he said.

The note read: "I got a room for your granduncle. He should come in after midnight, through the servants' entrance. Register as a Transylvanian and look for me. With hearty greetings, Chicken." I read it aloud: an explanation was necessary. "Chicken," I told my friend, a Cadet-Lieutenant, "tends bar in the Ritz." He grinned. The image of that pompous hotel in downtown Budapest presently rose before us.

Both my granduncle and I were condemned to death or, at least, life imprisonment, by the authority of the Garrison Commander; both of us planned shortly to establish ourselves in the Ritz, having already notified the management that, for reasons of physical and spiritual comfort, we would prefer separate rooms with bath. Refusing to recognize—again for both physical and spiritual reasons—the jurisprudence of the newly established, parvenu Garrison Commander, we appealed to the more traditional and conservative authority of the Ritz management. It was a sound constitutional policy.

For this was November, 1944. On the graying plains of Hungary, the German and Russian land armies fought their bloody battle of history. Within the city we daily waited for the arrival of British and/or American airborne troops, a celestial event which could have come but from the Kingdom of Fantasy. Meanwhile there reigned a strange terror in Budapest; an organization of uneducated idealists and educated hoodlums had recently ousted, with German guns, the conservative government of Admiral Horthy. And we—my granduncle in politics, I in the army—who refused to believe in the supreme qualities of Hitler's exquisite warlordship were duly condemned to death.

The Ritz, however, stood. If it was not a tower of strength, it was a lighthouse of refuge, crowded and blinking. With four or five other excellent hotels along the Budapest Corso, it accommodated a list of new guests, ninety per cent of whom enjoyed the comforts and viands of that great hotel under false pretenses. Cosmopolitan hotels, of course, inevitably prosper on phonies. But whereas phonies advance under false faces, the Ritz's illegal guests of 1944 advanced under false papers. The men, women and children who entered the Ritz portals were a motley and hunted crowd of escapees, political prisoners, Jews, army deserters, Polish refugees, French and British prisoners-of-war absent from their camps, blackmarketeers whose tinsel stars were begining to pall in the glow of the approaching Red Star, princes of thousand-year-old historic families who were being hunted by politically ambitious janitors.

Chicken, the barmaid of the Ritz, handled her guests with indiscriminate *tendresse*. Pursued by the sincere love of a Croatian air attaché, she issued Croatian *laissez-passers* and provisional citizenship papers by the dozen. The red-and-white grand seal of the State of Croatia was later supplemented, on memorandum stationery, with the round stamp of the *Hungarian State Vineyards* and occasionally, in the darkness of the siege, with a French payé. This broad evidence of international authority made a profound impression on individual Russian officers.

It was this guest list in this fine hotel which my granduncle and I intended to join.

OF THE half-dozen famous European Hotels Ritz, none enjoyed such a solitary local distinction as the Budapest Ritz or, as it was called, "The Danube Palace." It was built in 1912. Thus it shared some of that almost incredibly happy and beautiful aura under which the Austro-Hungarian Empire had prospered. It also evaded some of those architectural experiments under which Central European buildings around 1912 did not prosper. Its walls were left unadorned by solemn murals of peasant life done by ambitious artists aspiring for a serene cross-style between an early Gauguin and the backdrop for *The Gypsy Baron*. The

Mr. Lukacs teaches at Chestnut Hill College and La Salle College in Philadelphia.

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three other luxury hotels of Budapest had their features: the Gellért, built upon natural springs, boasted of a unique swimming pool where every fifteen minutes an artificially generated surf beat energetic waves against the ticklish hips and backs of happy bathers; the Palatinus, built on the enchanting St. Margaret's Island, had, amidst rosebushes and peacocks, the atmosphere of a remote, elegant island spa amidst the comforts of a city of almost two millions; the Hungaria had a fine view, famous five-o'clock teas and wedding breakfasts of the gentry and bourgeoisie. All the Ritz could produce in technical specialties was a roof garden. And, of course, a distinguished clientele.

Its managers were statuesque and courageous: they could have impressed Lord Curzon. Otto Marenchich, a stern but gentle director, steered the Ritz through the eddies of world wars, of Red, White and Green (these are Hungary's national colors) revolutions, inflations, Entente missions and German armies. It was an impressive management.

Silent, impressive and nameless also were the doormen of that great hotel. Maharajahs returning to their suites in the azure summer dawn of old Budapest found the discreet aid, the bearing and circumspection of these doormen unequaled and admirable. In 1935 the Prince of Wales had visited Budapest. This Anglophile and monarchist capital virtually stormed the Ritz gates and environs to smile and cheer at the future occupant of the British throne and his famous and chic American lady companion when, upon Marenchich's direction, a strict and mustachioed police cordon was drawn and all pestering journalists kept outside it.

In 1938 the last Princes had come; in 1939 the last Englishmen, the last Americans; in 1940 the roof terrace was closed; in 1941, through the clear glass of the high windows, one could see the stream of German trucks and tanks moving south on the other side of the Danube for the Balkan campaign. Early in 1942 all the Scotch ran out. The famous keeper of that walnut-and-silver bar, "Turkey," had already deserted, first to the Hungaria, then into the arms of a long overdue bourgeois marriage. She used to be the *only* non-American crap-shooter east of Dover; there were no Americans now to roll dice with. It took some time until the genial Chicken took her place.

THIS was in 1943, the year when I made my first close acquaintance with the Ritz. I was twenty years old and reasonably stupid. The Ritz, to me, was a symbol of all European *savoir-faire, haute société* and *haute volée;* and when one is twenty years old, these words and their associations assume an aspect of life which may seem to be very serious, very important. Budapest was my New York and the Ritz my Newport. Sauntering, once a week, down its arched corridors, I smelled imaginary wisps of Lanvin's *Rumeur* from behind certain mysterious doors; in the movements of the waiters' limbs I wished to detect the lithely swinging walk of stewards at the Cowes Regatta; sitting on the ground terrace over the Corso I imagined lolling and hanging over Eden Roc. And, when passing the occasional silhouettes of unknown lovely ladies and solitary men in Cambridge flannels—the peak of sartorial elegance as then conceived in Budapest — I promptly thought that they were British agents.

That was a strange year. In the very middle of German-occupied Europe, Chicken disbursed packs of Camels, Penguin books, Chick Webb records and white jars of Meltonian shoe polish; in August, 1944 she bought two cases of Mumm Cordon Rouge from a German Air Force major who had helped in the evacuation of Rheims, leaving that city two hours before the American Third Army got there. We, however, believing in the circumspection and miracles of Allied power, took these symbols of the Western world as directly sent to us through the mysterious ways and genius of Generals Patton, Eisenhower, Montgomery, et al, in order to boost our morale.

One evening in March I had a couple of brandies at Chicken's bar with a Dane. I was certain that now my instinct was right, that Olsen was a Grade A British Agent. Instead, he was a milk buyer. But I was to find that out later. I got home around midnight. Our stolid and malevolent maid greeted me at the door, behind which the shaded lights of my mother's weekly card party were lit. "The gracious lady wants to see you," she announced, ominously. I promptly recalled how I had forgotten my filial promise to telephone my mother if I were to stay out after dinner in those air-raid-ridden evenings. I entered the drawing room. I saw the angry flicker in my mother's eyes as she put her cards down.

"Where have you been?" she asked, impatiently.

"At the Ritz," I said.

I could scarcely sample the guests' amused faces before the slim, fine right palm of my mother slapped my cosmopolitan face with all the feminine force and determination she could muster. At that moment, my twenty-one-year-old cosmopolitanism vanished into dust; with it the so recent image of the Ritz.

OVER these memories of the Ritz I brooded in my solitary-confinement cell when, fortified with that friendly note from Chicken, the friendly advice and friendly brandy, I decided to bolt, to escape.

Escape to the Underground! What a romantic, exciting adventure! The inevitable pictures of virile force and guile, the virtues of hushed conspirators, the fight against treachery and enemies, hidden messages, secret weapons, quick darting through darkened passages,

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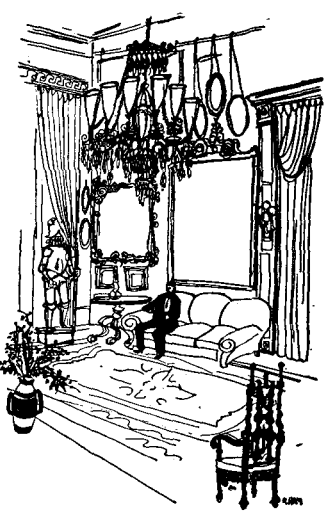
crawling through electric wires, mines, gates, over roofs and under enemy tanks, braving storms and elements!

But my underground escape, alas, was considerably less Hitchcockian. Of all the impediments listed above, I had to brave but one gate, and this physical feat was accomplished without great difficulty, due to the permanently parched throats, eager palms and consequently far wandering eyes of two martial guards. From confinement to freedom it was but the fact of cheek and fresh steps. In a few minutes I truly joined the Underground as I passed through the turnstiles of the Budapest subday. I bought a transfer and went home.

Here I returned to a family, only slightly ruffled in a terror-ridden and besieged city. But even under the shadow of the Gestapo and approaching Soviet tanks my mother remained stern and uncompromising. Unfolding my perfect kit, the excellent set of forged and still forgeable military papers, complete with stationery, official leave and routing blanks and the regimental rubber stamp, I made a great impression on everyone save my mother, especially when she found out that my ideas centered on setting up my new military quarters at the Ritz or, at worst, at the Ritz Annex. In her eyes my homeward return, the picture of this pilgrimage of filial piety, was fading, and the known image of the prodigal son promptly rose. I thought that I had a good plan and a good case; I hadn't. There was a short debate. The Ritz was out.



A few hours later, as the first Russian shells began to arc into the Budapest suburbs, our whole family moved downtown into the hidden and cleverly barricaded subterranean stock-room of my stepfather's business.

I shall not bore the reader with our cellar lives: our sixty-one days of underground existence with its intriguing and less amusing aspects and episodes. Other inhabitants of Central European cities had identical adventures. It was a great historical experience, the progress of mankind telescoped into one personal chapter: the rise from caves and cellars to skyscraping apartment houses and the subsequent swift return to the cellars, the last scene of which anthropological pageant was then to be rounded out with a generous supply of Russian cavemen. Let us, instead, return to the Ritz.

For return we did. Our hiding-place turned out to be but three city blocks away from the Ritz. From below we occasionally emerged, in the noon hours, to scout the town for food and on other errands. Due to the relative superiority of our set of military papers, my friend Ernest and I were often selected from among our cellar group of twenty to rise to the surface at noon. We relished these whiffs of freedom. In full military regalia, snug in our officer's sheepskin jacket (to which we were wholly unentitled), we ventured farther and farther, shopping and greeting legal and illegal friends on the elegant streets of the Budapest Inner City, somewhat deserted in those days but nevertheless still untouched by bombs and shells.

On our sixth or seventh cellar day a glorious silver-and-blue winter sky greeted us upon surfacing. Presently a Russian pursuit plane, taking advantage of these propitious meteorological circumstances, began to pour deadly little bullets into the streets leading to the Corso. Other planes joined it. The air raid sirens sounded. We ran to seek shelter but were restricted to a doorway by domestic coalitions of janitors and air raid wardens where we huddled, cold and impatient, for more than an hour. We were also very hungry. "Where could we find lunch?" I asked Ernest.

There was the bright gleam of genial inspiration in his eyes. "At the Ritz!" he said, triumphantly.

The neo-baroque windows of that famous hotel glittered in the sun only two hundred yards away. And so, as the all-clear sounded and the skies cleared, our hearts sounded and cleared with them and we took off for the Ritz.

It was two o-clock: the classic time for high luncheon in Budapest. A headwaiter, in a splendid tailcoat and white cravat, gave us a table for two. Outside the aerial machine-gunning began to rattle again and from across the Danube, a mere four hundred yards away, came the note of occasional bombs of higher and considerably more jarring calibers. But the dining-room was full. All one could notice out of the ordinary was that some of the people ate with undue haste, with eyes either cast down or nervously glancing around. The food was good, service excellent. We decided to have coffee in the bar.

We entered the bar as the lights went out. A Russian shell hit a power-line and, louder than the thud of explosion, we could hear the swish and whip of the taut and now ripped wires against iron rails and frozen stone. Candles, all in readiness, were promptly lit. In that somewhat eerie Gothic atmosphere, with half of the faces in a yellow medieval glow and half receding into nocturnal darkness, I became uncomfortably aware of two eyes, looking at me with deliberate interest from the other end of the bar. I tugged at my wallet and papers; they rustled reassuringly. But I was nervous. I tugged now at Ernest. "Let's go," I said. The man from the other end of the bar rose and began making his way toward us.

It was my granduncle. My granduncle told us that he liked his room, that service was reasonably good

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and that he had a number of friends among the guests. Two days before a bomb hit the water mains and there was no water in his room; but his morning tea arrived in good order. There were reservoirs and reserves. He inquired about the health of the family. I assured him that everyone was well. "If not," he said, "I was offered this morning an excellent set of Spanish citizenship papers from that gentleman over there."

"Who is he? A forger?"

My granduncle was indignant. "He is the Consul of Guatemala."

"And the gentleman who just entered is the new Spanish chargé." It soon transpired that this fresh arrival to the diplomatic corps of Budapest was also excellently acquainted with the intricate Hungarian language. (Let us not be facetious. Fake or not, this Spanish chargé, his Swedish and other counterparts saved thousands, with their false certificates.)

There were some—and my granduncle among them—who were optimistic. His optimism was reinforced by his talk with the valet on duty at his floor, whom he had found one morning in his chambers, violently pressing a gala valet's uniform.

The man explained that he had known the prewar Soviet Minister to Hungary, an indisputable gentleman on whose hotel rooms he used to wait. "An indisputable gentleman?" my uncle asked. "An indisputable gentleman, indeed." And, cautioning confidence and secrecy, the valet produced his wallet from whose secret recess he pulled forth a photographic clipping from a Swiss picture magazine, which showed a group of Soviet and British generals at the Teheran Conference, clasping genial hands. The Soviet generals, as my granduncle recounted, wore splendid white summer uniforms, clean collars and patent-leather boots: they were, unquestionably, gentleman. Hence his political optimism and the valet's sartorial preparations.

This formidable intelligence made a profound impression on my granduncle and, subsequently, upon us. Biding temporary farewell to the Ritz, we returned to our hiding-place in high spirits.

FOR awhile, the Ritz's high windows withstood the impact of shell-fire and atmospheric resonance; but, as guests and residents began to move down, down, from fourth floor to second, to the drawing-rooms of street level and, ultimately, to the cellars, there was a hushed, late afternoon rolling of carpets, packing of drapes and the occasional crystalline sounds of gathering broken glass. And then, on a January morning word came that the Grand Hotel Hungaria, four squares away, was burning to the ground.

These misfortunes of that erstwhile rival were hardly relished. For, scurrying amidst a hail of Soviet shells, an SS regiment which had used the Hungaria as its headquarters, promptly moved to the Ritz and ordered its cellars to be evacuated within three hours.

Had not the Ritz accommodated a long list of distinguished German gentlemen in its traditional career? But the SS did not consist of distinguished German gentlemen. And so began the exodus from the Ritz: crawling through partitioned walls, cellars, shelters, the guests dispersed into the night. My granduncle was a prominent member of this cosmopolitan diaspora. Between a shell and a land-mine, he knocked on our cellar door. He brought an old lady with him, a genuine Transylvanian who was very pleasant except for her considerable deafness. This, to her, was a veritable blessing amidst the inevitable tiresome noises of a city besieged by two modern armies. It was, however, not always a blessing to us. She had the Transylvanian mannerism of periodically uttering the words *"Isten megaldja"*: God bless him. And, when an SS soldier ventured into our cellar, drunk and loquacious, the old lady intently listened.

"Our German rockets are going to blow up den Herren Churchill!" he announced with a flourish of personal triumph.

"God bless den Herren Churchill!" the old lady piously echoed.

"And we're chasing the Russian back to Siberia, that General Tolbukhin!"

"God bless General Tolbukhin!" came forth a loud, aged whisper.

There was a moment of embarrassment. "What did she say?" the German asked.

Then my granduncle came forth with true political brilliance. "She asked whether you liked your quarters at the Ritz?"

THE Ritz burned the next night. Whether lit by fire-bombs or by the SS, who had the habit of burning their quarters upon withdrawal, I do not know; but it is irrelevant. A world was going down; the Ritz sank with it. The first Soviet patrols reached our part of the city the following day. In the still of the night we had heard a tremendous tinkling crash. We wondered in the cellar: was it the famous Chain Bridge, linking Buda and Pest? Most of the others thought so. To me, it sounded like the crashing of the main glass chandelier of the Ritz.

Thus I witnessed the end of an era. On the ruins of Budapest other hotels were to rise; the Ritz never. Other hotels harbored me on my escape, en route to America; the Ritz never. Perhaps I shall be able to cross to Europe one day, a member of the transcontinental lost generation, hoping to sip an occasional brandy and soda at the mahogany bar of another Ritz, in the shade of the Place Vendôme before the sun rises. Or before the Russians get there. God bless General Ridgway!

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THE STAGE

THE RENAUD-BARRAULT COMPANY

THE appearance of Jean-Louis Barrault, Madeleine Renaud and their Parisian Company, has proved to be a rare, an incandescent event. The pressure of their impeccable artistry, and a repertoire uncommonly bold and imaginative, has taken the town, and Mr. Sol Hurok may contemplate pleasurably another of his shrewd marriages of art and commerce. Fashion, to be sure, dictates some of this prestige: *Vogue* has proposed, and Madame disposed (at the box-office). In our peculiar social hierarchy, no season must pass without the ritual obeisance to culture, preferably in its more exotic form. Last winter, it will be recalled, Sir Laurence Olivier and his Lady most agreeably acquitted this ceremonial gesture, and one has yet to dismiss the recollection of how ignominiously their ascent to Parnassus was impeded by Shakespeare's gigantic boulders.

M. Barrault would seem to be the present candidate, and a delectable one. The French *cachet* adheres to him; his respectability has been underwritten by a cinema career, and should there be small voices of skepticism or objection, one has only to summon that magic syllable—Mime! What a pleasure, then, on cracking this tough, resistant shell of publicity, to find the Barrault actuality so splendidly genuine and alive. Parnassus has capitulated quite thoroughly to his irresistible assault.

I spoke a moment ago of this company's bold repertoire—Marivaux's "Les Fausses Confidences," Moliere's "Amphitryon" and "Scapin," an adaptation of Kafka's *The Trial,* one of Feydeau's brittle farces, a recent Anouilh, the Gide translation of "Hamlet"—what have these works in common? Only this: they show us images of human life distinguished alternately for their beauty, wit, power, original sensibility. The theatre has no justification unless it augments the possibilities by which human action may be represented on the stage, and it is this which the Theatre Marigny Company has achieved with such dazzling virtuosity. A sensitivity to contemporary pressures has kept them from declining into institutionalism, while their roots in the past have given them incontestable substance and authority. The result is a kind of tension within extremes, which is the very essence of dramatic experience.

M. Barrault's is, of couse, the shaping spirit. I shall not attempt here anything but a superficial index of the theories which have made him so formidable a theatrical innovator, but quite crudely, his concept of the theatre involves an emphasis on the physical, on gesture; this he sees as something more subtle, more primitive and direct than the excessively verbal drama of our own time. The human being is, for Barrault, the *essential* instrument of dramatic art, just as man himself is its measure and its justification. Given such a view, it is obvious whence springs his preoccupation with the possibilities of mimetic action, and also with the subsidiary arts of music and rhythm. For "it is through rhythm and music that we witness the metamorphosis of truth—therein lies style."

Style. The word is central to modern criticism, yet how often it has meant the imposition of a certain external polish, or gloss, rather than an interior aesthetic definition. For Barrault, style is, quite rightly, a net of sensibility, tempo, tone, in which you snare your poet's quality. In "Les Fausses Confidences," the initial offering of the engagement, the "style" was that of Watteau, or, if you will, Lully and Rameau. To perceive, and yet not overtly stress these common references, was a signal act of the imagination on M. Barrault's part. For on the face of it, nothing would seem less likely to conquer an American audience than Marivaux's delicate fable, with its harlequins, its amorous stratagems and subtle refinements of feeling. Yet impenetrable barriers (especially that of language) fell at M. Barrault's touch. He found for every gesture its proper weight, for every tone the precise inflection. A kind of morning freshness blandished the stage, in which the lovely pastel shades of the Brianchon *decor* became reflections of the charm and sensibility of the characters. And the company—especially Mme. Renaud, Jean Desailly, Marie-Helene Daste, Simone Valere and Barrault himself—played it with a tenderness and repose, a gallantry of spirit, which brought a rush of pleasure to the heart. Ensemble acting of such lyric precision cannot be common, even in France.

I have left myself too little space in which to discuss "Baptiste," the Prevert mime which Barrault appended to "Les Fausses Confidences," and portions of which appeared in the film "Les Enfants du Paradis." It is perhaps the purest specimen of his art, something quite without parallel in our literature of music and dance. (Only Milhaud's *Boeuf Sur Le Toit* and Miss Sitwell's *Facade* would seem to suggest its flavor.) It is characterized by a heady exuberance and enchantment, in which Barrault's brilliant miming, the candied Mayo decor, and Kosma's lovely score beautifully conspire.

Readers should note that the week of December 1 will be devoted to Barrault's production of "Hamlet," in the Gide translation. It is expected, not without reason, to highlight the present engagement, and crown this most illustrious theatrical occasion. (At The Ziegfeld.)

THE CLIMATE OF EDEN

WHAT exactly is Mr. Moss Hart up to? Amid the luxuriant flora and fauna of a Rousseau

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jungle, he has staged a variation on themes from Edgar Mittelholzer's *Shadows Move Among Them* which is acceptable neither as dramatic composition nor as a gloss on the novel. Item: an unorthodox clergyman, of limited charm, who has established a most fatuous Utopian community somewhere in the Dutch East Indies. Item: his fey adolescent daughter, of considerable charm, but no discernible relation to the project in hand. Item: a psychopathic young man, of no charm at all, and maddening irrelevance, obsessed by the conviction that his despised, dead wife is haunting him ("I can feel you watching me, Brenda!"). Mr. Hart is said to consider this lamentable misunderstanding an "advance" over his previous work. I am at a loss to comprehend at what points the talent which produced "Once in a Lifetime" is inferior to that responsible for this exotic *fleur d'ennui*. (At The Martin Beck.)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

PILGRIMS' PROGRESS

ENTHUSIASTIC admirers of Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, Van Johnson, Leo Genn *and* the Pilgrims who landed on these shores in 1620 will no doubt be equally enthusiastic about "Plymouth Adventure," a new Technicolor epic that stars these people. Other audiences may wish that the picture were a little less of an epic concentrating on hard times aboard the Mayflower and more of a personal story with some depth of characterization.

Actually, the script by Helen Deutsch, based on Ernest Gebler's novel, deserves credit for sticking fairly close to history (except for a certain amount of dramatic license) and for not including the "Speak-for-yourself-John" legend. Van Johnson plays this John Alden as an earnest young carpenter who goes along on the trip with high hopes and falls in love with Priscilla Mullins (Dawn Addams) without interference from Captain Miles Standish, a married professional soldier whom we see in several scenes trying to teach the inept Pilgrims how to handle firearms. Every now and then the dialogue and tone of the picture get a little pompous; this is no doubt due to Producer Dore Schary's awe of his subject and respect for various pressure groups who warned that this better be no Hollywoodized version of hanky-panky aboard the Mayflower.

"Plymouth Adventure" is indeed substantial and, when it isn't taking itself too seriously, is an interesting movie. Although Director Clarence Brown seldom brings his large cast to life as individuals, he succeeds in impressing us with the difficulties through which the Pilgrims went—what with getting out of Southampton in the first place, and then having to return to Plymouth when the sister ship, the Speedwell, founders after a week at sea, and then the long, overcrowded voyage with trouble from the sailors as well as from nature which blew up some terrific storms, and what with illness and death and landing in New England instead of Virginia and that first hard winter that reduced their numbers from one hundred and two to fifty-six.

The film's leading character, solidly handled by Spencer Tracy, is a symbol of an unbelieving attitude toward this courageous band of men and women. As the rough-and-ready captain of the Mayflower, he looks down on his passengers as mealy-mouthed hypocrites out to make some dough in the new world. Bribed by an agent from the Virginia Company, he plans to dump "this rabble of paupers" near Cape Cod. And so great is his cynicism about the Pilgrims' religious sincerity that he is sure the beautiful wife (Gene Tierney) of William Bradford is his for the taking. This poor woman, neglected by her high-minded, hard-working husband (Leo Genn), finds herself attracted to the rugged captain and comes to a tragic end. However, she and several others of the distinguished passengers, including Bradford himself, manage to impress the captain and bring about his regeneration. In fact, the captain is so thoroughly won over that after the Pilgrims land at the end of the long, perilous voyage, he stands by with the Mayflower throughout the first winter.

"Plymouth Adventure" has its sentimental moments, its pageantry and even a few dull episodes, but it also has its inspiring scenes—best of which shows the signing of the Mayflower Pact, an agreement made by the Pilgrims to live by a government based on the will of the governed. These hardy Pilgrims and their thoughtful pact still have a few things to say to us today.

IF I can judge by what I saw and heard in the French film, "Life Begins Tomorrow," modern man is a pilgrim very much in need of spiritual guidance in this dark world and wide. The picture's story (written and directed by Nicole Vedres) is simple enough: Jean-Pierre Aumont, as an ordinary man of today, visits Paris to see the sights. Goaded by a journalist (Andre Labarthe as the man of tomorrow) Aumont finds himself deserting the past and investigating what the world of tomorrow has to offer.

It offers Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre, who has little trouble convincing him with the argument that although society made you, you are now making society and we are all responsible for what goes on. Psychiatrist Daniel Lagache convinces Aumont that the pattern is set in childhood; and Biologist Jean Rostand illustrates with pictures and words the wonders of the future, including hormone rejuvenation and prolonga-

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THE BOOK OF THE SAVIOUR

Assembled by F. J. Sheed

We are giving this to just about everybody—it seems so exactly right to give a life of Our Lord on His birthday, especially as the whole of the first section of the book reads like a Christmas anthology. When giving this to a Protestant it is as well to warn him that there are about six pages he won't like. But why lose the other 450 on that account? Illus. $4.00

SAINTS FOR NOW

Edited by Clare Boothe Luce

ı excellent choice for Catholics, and may also be given to n-Catholics with the remark, "I saw your favorite author s in this." If you remember the list of contributors on the :ket, you will see why this is perfectly safe. Illus. $3.50

FROM CONFUCIUS TO CHRIST

by PAUL SIH

Foreword by Bishop Fulton Sheen

s is for people interested in China's future, even re than for people interested in converts. It is a t of chart of the way from China to Rome, a te on which traffic is going to be very heavy in future, according to Bishop Sheen.

Frontis. $3.00

UNDERSTANDING EUROPE

by CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

ed & Ward and "The Commonweal" have al-ys agreed about the rightness and importance Christopher Dawson, so we recommend this for se strange people who cannot get too much ous reading, even at Christmas. $3.50

THE SHEPHERDS OF FATIMA

by FATHER JOHN DE MARCHI

Illustrated by Jeanyee Wong

children—around 8 to 12—. They fall for it in nost gratifying way, the usual bad ones just as ch as the unusual good ones. $2.00

EDITH STEIN

by TERESIA DE SPIRITU SANCTO, O.D.C.

This is a sure bet for nuns and for those laypeople who have been talking about Edith Stein ever since the end of the war, when they first heard of her. The only photograph of her as a Carmelite is in this book. $3.25

THE HELL CATHOLIC

by FATHER X

Oddly enough, this couldn't be selling better if all the reviewers had gone into ecstasies over it—which they didn't. (We have a private theory that some of the chillier ones really enjoyed it and then were ashamed of themselves.) It is a simple sort of story: no deep dark psychology, just entertainment. We're giving it to a number of people ourselves. $2.00

DADDY FELL INTO THE POND

by ALFRED NOYES

Illustrated by Fritz Kredel

gly, easily remembered rhymes, excellent for shouting. Particularly enjoyed by anyone who has been put to bed is supposed to be going to sleep. $2.00

Order from a bookstore

The Christmas TRUMPET has a much more complete Christmas list than this, besides other pleasant features. To get it, free and postpaid, write to Lucy MacGill.

IEED & WARD **New York 3**

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tion of life, birth outside the womb and the production of offspring without fathers (an idea that must give the psychiatrist something to mull over).

Aumont, who is a glutton for punishment, decides at this point to investigate the arts, and he has cause to be pleased with what Architect Le Corbusier shows him of his famous apartment building in Marseilles, and with what Picasso exhibits at Vallauris and Antibes. Aumont's last visits are to Andre Gide and then to UNESCO where the question is well proposed by Labarthe: "Is it prudent to hand arms so fast to men who are so slow to understand?"

Obviously the answer is "no." But since the film was made with the cooperation of UNESCO and was intended to pay homage "to the artists and scientists who are building a better world," I'd like to ask a few questions too—especially since no mention of religion is made in this materialistc diatribe. It is interesting to see people like Sartre, Picasso, Le Corbusier and Gide (this was his last film appearance) but where, I wonder, are Maritain and Nobel-Prize-Winner Mauriac in this French film?

The music by Darius Milhaud that accompanies the pictures is fine to hear and no doubt some of the French prose offered by these specialists deserves attention too. But since my command of the French language is no better than that of most of the American audiences who will be curious about this film, and since the English subtitles are quite unsatisfactory, one wonders why an English sound track wasn't dubbed in. It wasn't so much that I felt cheated at not being able to follow all the dialectic that seemed to sway M. Aumont, but I was particularly annoyed at missing his bright, though untranslated, observations about the elimination of fathers.

Obviously, in this short review, I have simplified the viewpoints of these planners of our future; but it is also obvious that we pilgrims have not made so much progress as we think. If this is the brave new world of things to come, as far as I am concerned, Messrs. Wells, Huxley and the makers of this film can have it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

AN APPEAL

The Maryknoll Sisters' Clinic reports that the numbers of homeless refugees have greatly increased in Pusan, South Korea; "the poorest of the people are dying of starvation." Funds for $5. food packages for the Clinic's "Adopt-a-Family" program, and donations of any amount, may be sent to: War Relief Services, National Catholic Welfare Conference, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

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and His Friends
by JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

This is a vital, scholarly, spiritually stimulating and eminently readable story. It describes an extraordinary band of men who a century ago undertook to tell Americans the truth about the Catholic Church. Their leader, with whom the reader becomes intimately acquainted in these pages, was the lovable, dynamic, self-educated, religious pioneer, Isaac Hecker, who passed part of his early life at Brook Farm.

FATHER HECKER AND HIS FRIENDS gives a clear picture of elements that went into the development of the Catholic Church in the United States.

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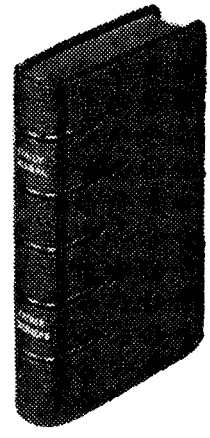

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Critics' Choice for Christmas, 1952

PHILIP BURNHAM

CHOOSING five books for a Christmas list is never easy, but these are my selections:

Men at Arms. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. $3.50. A startlingly straight forward, but at the same time strangely mysterious novel of the first phase of the late war. Waugh begins to take the Catholic part more naturally for granted. He writes live narrative and beautiful English like a native duck swims and sports in his home pond.

Understanding Europe. By Christopher Dawson. Sheed & Ward. $3.50. Perhaps nothing that Dawson hasn't said before, but no one has ever been able to say it as well—as clearly, vividly and securely. The unity of "The West" is a unique creation of history. It comprehends a diversity of free peoples and countries and nations, built upon the spiritual unity of Christian Faith and morality and shared intellectual standards and inheritances—which unity is terribly battered.

The Long Loneliness. By Dorothy Day. Harper. $3.50. The most intensely Christian and interesting American woman that a reader is able to meet in his reading, happily is also a writer of almost equal rank.

Witness. By Whittaker Chamber. Random House. $5. In half a year *Witness* has become basic source material in the problem of Communism and faith in our society. The overly high flown rhetoric does not submerge, either, the personal, human value of Chambers' extraordinary testimony.

The Complete Poems and Plays of T. S. Eliot. Harcourt. $6. A fortunate season for the publication of the creative work of the wonderfully creative American-English, Anglo-Catholic poet, playwright and essayist.

The Old Man and the Sea. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's, $3. A brief and disciplined segment of Ernest Hemingway. The excellences and limitations of the famous author are so renowned and notorious as to make a fresh view difficult. But this short and intense story provides a good new text for appreciation.

ANNE FREMANTLE

THE following are my five books, and why:

The Rising. By H. R. Lenormand. Thames & Hudson. $3. Because it is about one of the most crying problems of our time—French incomprehension of North Africa.

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The Devils of Loudun. By Aldous Huxley. Harper. $4. Because Huxley's diagnosis of man as always seeking self-transcendance, either upwards, downwards, or horizontally, seems to me valid and in this book particularly well proved.

Saints for Now. Edited by Clare Boothe Luce. Sheed and Ward. $3.50. Because one just loves hearing what so-and-so has to say about such-a-one.

The Man on the Donkey. H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan. $5. Because it describes an England I know must have been—perhaps must still be—somewhere: an England deeply concerned with its eternal, not its temporal, salvation.

Two Cheers for Democracy. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace. $4. Because Forster is all one's ancestors, being oh so civil and oh so cynical.

RICHARD HAYES

THESE books represent, necessarily, a limited, personal choice, but they are the ones I have found most rewarding during the past year:

The Catherine Wheel. By Jean Stafford. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Hemlock and After. By Angus Wilson. Viking. $3.
Prisoner of Grace. By Joyce Cary. Harper. $3.
Rome and a Villa. By Eleanor Clark. Doubleday. $4.
Reflections on the Theatre. By Jean-Louis Barrault. Macmillan. $4.50

The three novels noted above seem to me, for all their various inadequacies—Miss Stafford's excessive preoccupation with style, Mr. Wilson's moral confusion and scabrousness of theme, Mr. Cary's occasional lack of discrimination—the fiction I shall most anticipate rereading.

Miss Clark's Roman excursion is a marriage of past and present, celebrated in prose of wonder and beauty; it is also a record of the impact of two cultures which may well prove of permanent interest. And M. Barrault's reflections, though they apply with special pertinence to the theatre, illumine the processes of the creative imagination more brilliantly than any volume within my memory.

SERGE HUGHES

FOR my recommendations, I would choose the following:

A Horse for the Island. By Bettina Ehrlich. Harper. $2.75. A crazy turn-of-the-century tale about an Italian family near Venice. Here you have virtue triumphing, the goodness of Man and plenty of schmaltz with a fragrance.

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A Matter of Conscience. By Werner Bergengruen. Thames & Hudson. $3. An intellectual fantasy on the problem of pride in the Renaissance. Closely meditated, delicately poetical. It is especially good for those suffering from medievalitis.

The Tartar Steppes. By Dino Buzzati. Farrar. $3. The most beautiful Italian novel of the year, and completely different from the representative ones of Vittorini, Moravia, etc. A subtle nightmare with a cryptic ending.

The Man on the Donkey. H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan. $5. Best example of what a leisurely poetical temperament can do with the clumsy weights of erudition. The historical novel at its best. England in the XVI century and religious turmoil.

Classic Art. By Heinrich Wolfflin. Phaidon Press. $6.50. Art criticism with meaning and a flourish. Humble, brilliant and irrefutable. Best approach to the art of the High Renaissance.

WALTER KERR

OF the books I have read this year, the following impressed me as outstanding:

The Thread of Laughter. Louis Kronenberger. Knopf. $4.50. Because Louis Kronenberger writes with such affection—and for that matter such style—about a form that is all style: the English comedy of manners.

One Sky to Share. R. L. Bruckberger. Kenedy. $3. Because its vigor never rules out charity and because its charity never blurs its forthrightness.

Sources of Theatrical History. A. M. Nagler. Theatre Annual, Inc. $7.50. Because Professor Nagler has assembled in a single volume so many of the basic eye-witness accounts of earlier theatre; a natural for the theatre student.

The Loved and the Unloved. Francois Mauriac. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3. Because Mauriac is, to my mind, the finest living novelist, and any new publication of him in English becomes a must.

SEYMOUR KRIM

I AM going to list five books I have especially enjoyed this year. But they were not *published* this year. I trust you will not think this perverse on my part; the truth is I have not read enough new books which I liked very much, while I have read—this year—some older ones which I think are mighty good.

The Collected Plays of Henrik Ibsen. Modern Library Edition: Small, $1.25, Giant, $2.45. When a classic comes alive to the common reader it contains

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more life than he can imagine beforehand. Ibsen, too long a statue in the intellectual park, is a great writer who inspired G. B. Shaw and James Joyce. He will do the same for any man who will give him half a chance. Read his plays—and live with a tough, relentless, iron-willed genius who had that unbeatable combination, passion and patience. Unbeatable for either life or art.

Leaves of Grass. By Walt Whitman. Modern Library. $1.25. Perhaps 1952 was the appropriate year for me to really read Whitman—I mean not piddle around with him, but truly submit myself to his kingly fertility, open my ears as wide as possible to his beautiful and friendly voice. I say 1952 because it was a rough year, as they all have been since the war, and Whitman is above all every man's friend; here is a voice of true and epic love which will not wither as do our personal loves, but will grow with time. A testimonial to you, Walt Whitman, from yet another of your reader-friends who discovered you in a dark hour and now returns to your inexhaustible love in a brighter one.

Winesburg, Ohio. By Sherwood Anderson. Modern Library. $1.25. Another voice of love, smaller, more delicate, but pure as the first snowflake of winter falling somewhere up in New York State. Somehow I missed reading Anderson during a mopping-up campaign on our writers of the Dreiser generation, but that is the beauty of true writing such as Anderson's in this book: it waits for you, it's in no hurry, and when you come to it the flame is always burning. I have not read his other books, and perhaps never will, but that does not matter; in this slim book lies the wine of a rare, fragile, poignant American spirit.

The Spirit of Comedy. By George Meredith. Here is an extraordinary little book written by a man with an exquisite sense of tact, taste and intelligence. The prose flashes, there are no false or exhibitionistic bravuras, and the net result is probably the best analysis about what makes human beings laugh that has ever been written. The word analysis should not frighten you away, as it would me; this book is a cascade of wit and good sense raised to a very high yet very entertaining level. And—praise be to you, Mr. Meredith!—it is when he is wittiest and most dazzling that he is thrusting home truths which lamer writers would give their Royal Portables for. (Although Meredith no doubt used a quill.)

The Maltese Falcon. By Dashiell Hammett. Modern Library. $1.25. The best of the Hammett novels, written with craft, feeling and a genuinely hard style. Good as the movie was, it won't spoil this novel for those who haven't read it. Hammett, working within the limitations of the pulp story, broke through in this, his first novel, and put down a story which has the inner tension of what has been actually feared, lusted for and hurt.

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His imagination was never finer than in this book, and his creation, Sam Spade, deserved to become one of our contemporary American heroes. Thousands of men from college professors to truck-drivers have fantasied being private eyes, and for better or worse it was all due to Hammett who, as Ellery Queen once said, joined "the stuff of dreams" to his experience as a Pinkerton man and created a new kind of detective story by doing it. And a new kind of American hero, as well.

FR. H. A. REINHOLD

INSTEAD of five, I have one book: *Romano Guardini's The Faith and Modern Man. (Pantheon. $2.75)* which I find the most mature, profound and satisfactory presentation of the vexing problems facing a believing Catholic. I admire its honesty and courage and also its deep respect for the human intellect as a God-given light.

It is high time to disentangle the strands of the Church's carpet of faith from the floss and drifted threads of popular and vulgar conceptions that often seem to cover divine truths until they become unrecognizable. Guardini, Otto Karrer and Yves Congar seem fitted to do this hazardous job with respect and charity. *The Faith and Modern Man* is the latest addition to a growing library of revitalized Catholic thought.

DONALD McDONALD

THESE are the five books I found most interesting during the past year:

The Loyalty of Free Men. By Alan Barth. Pocket Books. .35c. Mr. Barth focuses attention on the crucial problem facing our society which must somehow contain and overcome the external and internal threat of Communism without at the same time endangering our own freedoms which make the struggle meaningful.

The McCarthy Record. By the Wisconsin Citizens' Committee on McCarthy's Record (409 No. Frances St., Madison, Wisconsin. $1.). One hundred and thirty-four pages of much-needed documentation which add up to what is meant by the term "McCarthyism."

Rendezvous With Destiny. By Eric Goldman. Knopf. $5. A comprehensive history of American reform and liberalism since the Civil War. Mr. Goldman's fine research will remind contemporary liberals of the nobility of their legacy and their cause.

Catholicism and American Freedom. By James O'Neill. Harper. $3.50. Professor O'Neill has given the Catholic apologist invaluable help by providing him with a facutal foundation on which to stand. In view of the new quarter (church-and-state) from which attacks on the Church are developing, Professor O'Neill's book will be an indispensable tool for a number of years to come.

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The Old Man and the Sea. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner. $3. One of those rare books these days which you do not put down half-read. A fine yarn.

FR. JOHN S. KENNEDY

MY choices for the year would certainly include these:

The Letters of St. Teresa of Jesus. Translated and edited by E. Allison Peers. Bruce. Two volumes. $10. A timeless genius pours out wisdom and wit in a series of letters which are instructive and entertaining.

The Man on a Donkey. By H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan. $5. The English Reformation brought vividly alive by a scholar who is no mean novelist.

Abraham Lincoln. By Benjamin P. Thomas. Knopf. $5.75. This one-volume biography of the tragic giant is remarkable for its wealth of information fluently rehearsed and shrewdly interpreted.

The Faith and Modern Man. By Romano Guardini. Pantheon. $2.75. Old truth re-examined, for the enlightenment and solacing of all in dread of the bleak, menacing future.

The Life of James Cardinal Gibbons. By John Tracy Ellis. Bruce. Two volumes. $17.50. Our foremost American Church historian tells the story of one of our greatest American Churchmen.

GEOFFREY ASHE

A YEAR spent largely in mines and machine-shops does not give one much chance to keep up with current literature. But since January I have acquainted myself with, and been struck by the following:

Witness. By Whittaker Chambers. Random House. $5. Chambers does not attract me personally, but I know of nothing to match his revelations (intentional and otherwise) of the "progressive" mind at work.

Arrow in the Blue. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $5. A very skilful attempt at scientific autobiography, convincing, on the whole, in its reconstruction of the way the author developed, and great fun to read.

The Man on a Donkey. By H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan. $5. Quite apart from this novel's honorable contribution to the correction of history, it is a pleasure to find anyone taking so much trouble to produce accurate fiction, and doing it on such a big scale.

Dance to the Piper. By Agnes de Mille. Little, Brown. $3.50. I remember once being impressed by Tolstoy's diatribes about the collective and cumulative agony that often underlies what we see in the theatre. Agnes de Mille tells the same story even more impressively, yet she shows how the determined artist transmutes it all into something glad and splendid. It seems dreadful to call a book "inspiring," but . . .

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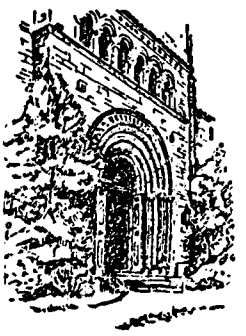

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The Cartoons of Cobean. Harper. $3.95. The *New Yorker* is one of the masterpieces of American civilization, and there could be no happier memorial to a star contributor. Incidentally, I welcomed the reminder that Cobean was not a man with only one idea.

EMMET LAVERY

I WOULD list the following as my 1952 favorites:

Maria Cross. By Donat O'Donnell. Oxford University Press. $5. A joy and a delight: creative criticism at its best. New light on old masters: Greene, Waugh, Mauriac, Claudel, Peguy, Bernanos.

The Lost Childhood. By Graham Greene. Viking. $3.50. To read Graham Greene's essay on Henry James is to understand Greene more clearly.

Teresa of Avila. By Kate O'Brien. Sheed & Ward. $2. Kate O'Brien at her best: also St. Teresa.

The Spirit of Liberty. By Learned Hand. Knopf. $3.50. Words of wisdom, from a great judge, on a subject little understood.

The Man on a Donkey. By H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan. $5. A great novel in the grand manner.

Also memorable: *Don Camillo and His Flock, Gods, Graves and Scholars, The Spire,* and the Frank O'Connor collection of short stories.

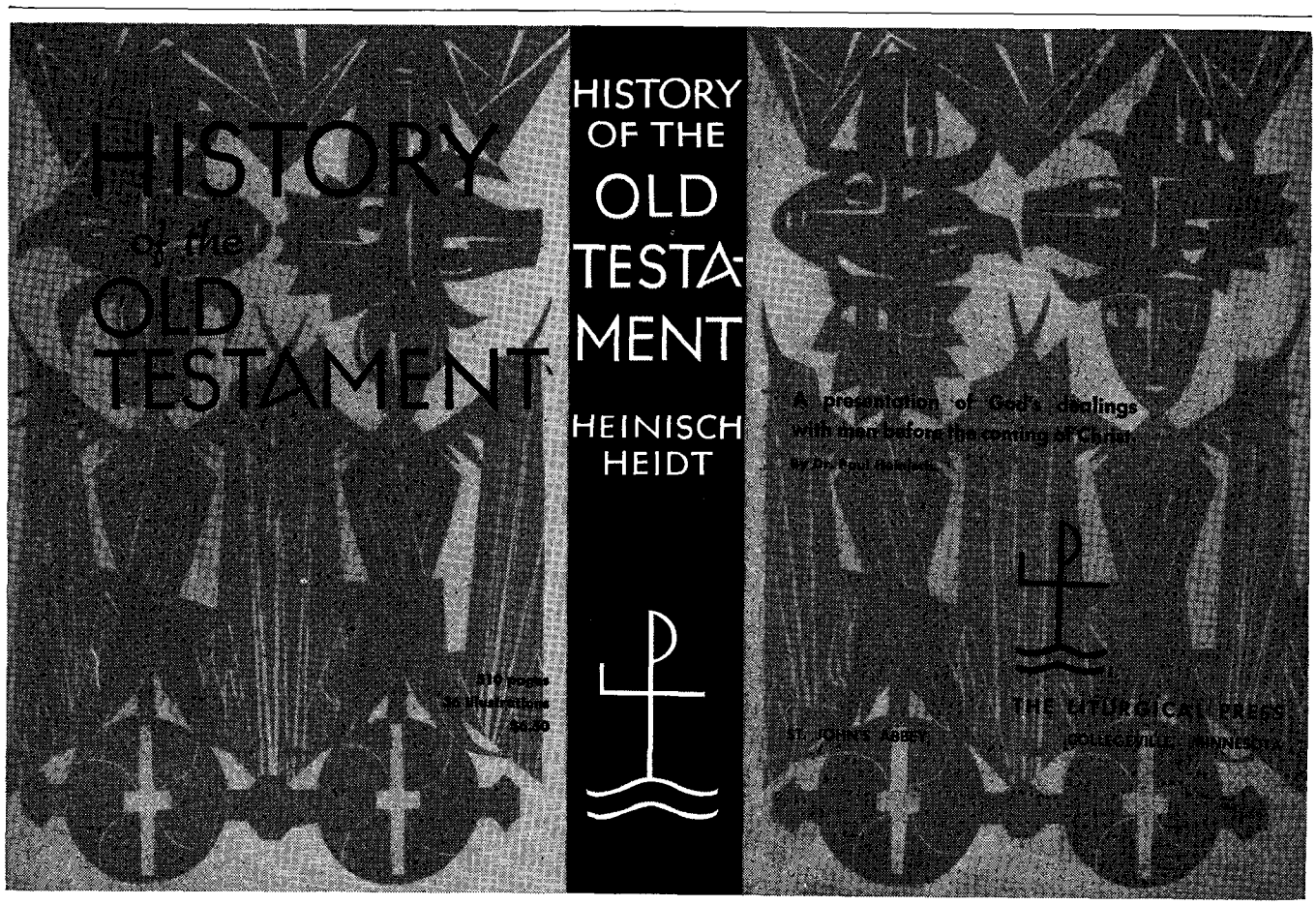
BOOKS

Brave Bulls and Brave Men

JOHN McKEON

THE past two decades have seen an earnest groping on the part of many American writers to comprehend the mystique of bullfighting. Beginning with Hemingway, through Harry Sylvester and Tom Lea, up to the most recent attempt by Sidney Franklin (*Bullfighter From Brooklyn.* Prentice Hall. $3.75), writers of varying talents have instinctively felt that there was more to bullfighting than met the eye, either in the bull ring or the literature of the ASPCA, and they have struggled earnestly to convey this fact.

Despite some remarkably fine writing, the attempt, on the whole, has failed. The failure was predicated not on lack of sympathy or literary equipment but on lacunae of religious experience. Two obvious facts are commonly overlooked in any critique of bullfighting; it is an art, not a sport, and its practitioners artists, not sportsmen; it is an essentially Catholic art, or, to be more precise, a Spanish Catholic art.



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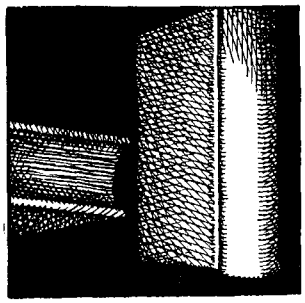

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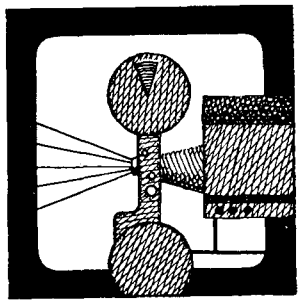

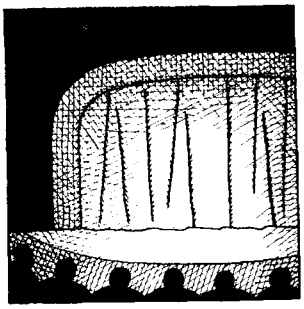

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Introduced into Spain in primitive form by the Moors, and inveighed against by a series of popes, chief among them Pius V, bullfighting is one more bit of absorbed Moorish culture that has given Spanish Catholicism its peculiar flavor of *despreciar de vida* —contempt of life; that is, contempt of niggardliness, cowardice, the exaltation of the material over the spiritual. In short, of "playing it safe." The willingness of a Spaniard to lay down his life for a belief, be it artistic, political, or religious, has always been a source of almost psychotic irritation to Anglo Saxons.

Asturian miners in the Spanish Civil War who advanced into the fire of tanks armed only with dynamite sticks and lighted cigarettes might be lauded for bravery by American correspondents for political reasons, but were hardly understood. Conversely, the breaching of the walls of Badajoz by the VIII Bandera of the Tercio, (Spanish Foreign Legion) and the resultant loss of two thousand men in ten minutes by Franco, who ordered the frontal assault, gained little praise for bravery and just as much incomprehension of the values involved. The plaque on the walls of Badajoz today extolling the feat of the Tercio and the consummation of their marriage with death—*su desposorio con la muerte*—is the final fillip of incomprehensible Spanish temperament to the Anglo Saxon.

The fighting of bulls and the mystical communion of bull, matador and spectator is likewise incomprehensible to most *norte americanos*. However, in view of such a powerful reality the average tourist is forced to a judgment of sorts, and so the fighting of bulls has come to be a "vicious" and "degraded" sport and "sympathy" has come to be reserved for the "poor bull." That the average tourist would not enter the ring with a tommy gun to face the charge of a full-grown fighting bull, or that the culture that enables him to reserve his "sympathy" for the bull also enables his national conscience to go along with the necessity of saturation bombing, the employment of atomic weapons against civilians and the machine gunning of refugee columns that may, or may not, contain armed enemy elements is, after all, beside the point.

The psyche of the average *norte americano* no longer contains the amalgam of identification, passion, courage and transcendental values necessary to the enjoyment of either a blood sport or an art where the antagonists may be two but the protagonist is one and the end is death. To any Catholic, death is a logical step in the chain of salvation, a necessary and inevitable one, and one to be feared only in so far as the individual Catholic feels himself a stranger to grace. In Catholic doctrine, death is a hard fact that cannot be mitigated by semantic acrobatics. Catholics speak of people dying, not "passing on," or "away" or "from." To a Spaniard, prisoner of the tension created in his psyche by the opposite poles of Moorish fatalism and Christian hope,

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death is of paramount importance, an intolerable condition under the tyranny of which all men must rebel. Therefore, to the degree that a man proves his contempt for it he surmounts his purely natural fate. This is the mystique of bullfighting so incomprehensible to non-Catholics, and, may it be said, to many non-Spanish Catholics as well.

THE fighting of bulls is essentially a morality play, the players artists in that they bring great gifts to its enactment: iron discipline within "the danger of the horns," great grace of movement, courage of an exalted order, an exquisite sense of timing, intelligence that enables them to subdue brute strength and, finally, a profound sense of identification and true sympathy with the antagonist that makes them speak of a fighting bull as "brave": the symbol of natural man, possessed of unlimited courage but without hope, who must die that his supernatural destiny be attained.

The end of all this, as with any art, is to convey beauty and truth to the spectator. It is not for nothing that the time of the kill in a bullfight, when the ring is cleared of everyone save the bull and the matador, is known as *un momento de verdad*—A Moment of Truth. The fighting of bulls is pre-eminently a masculine art, developed by a people who above all else in the natural order tend to enshrine the masculine virtues, and it combines the raw courage of cockfighting with the beauty of ballet, but without the former's basic inhumanity or the latter's latent effeteness.

Little of the mystique of bullfighting will be found in Sidney Franklin's autobiography, though he practiced the art for more than twenty years. But this, and the fact that the reading of it is somewhat in the nature of chopping wood with a dull axe, should be only a minor drawback to an *aficionado*.

Bullfighter from Brooklyn is the factual history of a man who was making three thousand dollars a month as an illustrator when he caught the fever of the bulls; who became a *novillerro* and fought his first formal fight after less than a month of training with the cape under the great Gaona's tutelage—and after facing seventy-five two and a half year old "calves" in as many hours on the hacienda of a friend. It is also the story of a man who sustained one of the most frightful gorings in the history of bullfighting and went on to finish the season, after only three weeks of hospitalization, in order that his cuadrilla of assistants might go on working and eating.

Franklin's autobiography is, in brief, the story of a man. And as the words of the old W. C. Handy tune have it "a good man nowadays is hard to find"—if by "man" is meant someone who aspires to the word "stature" in the Spanish sense and brings courage, discipline, talent and decency to the attempt.

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Young Man from Hyde Park

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: THE APPRENTICESHIP. By Frank Freidel. Little, Brown. $6.

By PAUL V. FARRELL

A SIX-VOLUME biography of even so dominant a figure as Franklin D. Roosevelt seems at first mention a little bit overwhelming. This opening book in the series being written by a young University of Chicago professor, however, indicates that the work will be neither exhausting nor exhaustive.

For the general reader, Dr. Freidel during many years of research has developed a wealth of material —much of it previously unavailable—and skilfully fashioned it into a well-paced, consistently readable story.

For later scholars and biographers, "The Apprenticeship," which covers the years from Roosevelt's birth through his service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy from 1913 to the end of World War I, expands the opportunities for studies of an extraordinary man and the significant period in which he was being molded for his future historic role. Rich in many things—money, social and political background, liberal religious training, ability—the impetuous, supremely self-confident young aristocrat plunged eagerly into the heavy political and philosophical currents carrying America to her destiny. Freidel's accumulation of data will be invaluable when more specialized, interpretive analyses are made or particular phases of FDR's career are undertaken. The complex personal motivations of the man; his wife's contribution to his success; the influence of Teddy Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson on his thought and action; these are just a few of the themes suggested if one considers how Roosevelt shaped, and was shaped by, the times he lived in.

There are all kinds of intriguing ramifications, for example, in Roosevelt's relationships with big city political machines, which he fought so bitterly at first and later used so successfully. The celebrated defection of Irish Catholics from the Democratic party has its roots, I think, far back in the uneasy truce that seemed to exist between grand-scale, liberal-humanitarian reformers like Roosevelt, and a group which temperamentally was unable to face up to political responsibilities of any great complexity. Mr. Farley's blaming the loss of this vote on the Communist issue in the recent election is, I feel, an oversimplification.

Those who hold to either the devil theory or the angel theory of Roosevelt will do some fairly profitable prospecting here. Freidel's idea of objectivity seems to be to mix in with the recounting of Roosevelt's strengths and accomplishments faintly sardonic observations on some of his more formidable weaknesses. This kind of studied balancing makes for a certain flatness in tone, but a more integrated presentation of the Roosevelt character may appear in later volumes. That, in fact, is only one of the many hopes and expectations presented by this book.

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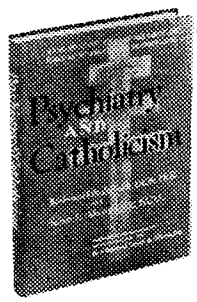

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Outsized Hero

THE DEVIL THAT FAILED. By Maurice Samuel. Knopf. $3.

By HANS SAHL

HERE is what one may call a "sophisticated suspense story," or science fiction stuck half-way between a study in metabolism and a Superman story among Lilliputians.

A man is kidnaped by a gang of midgets who, for some sinister purposes never fully revealed, make him believe that he is a giant until he realizes his true size and escapes from the dollhouse. There is also a diabolic midget doctor who invented the whole plot for some sort of experiments in human growth and glandular disorders.

What Mr. Samuel apparently intended to write was the story of a modern Gulliver confronted with the problem of "being different." This,

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indeed, is an exciting theme, worthy to be dealt with by a Swiftian observer of contemporary society. Yet *The Devil That Failed* is neither a sociological satire nor a study in human behavior. The reactions of the hero to his temporary status as a monster rarely surpass the psychological level of a comic strip. Nor do his reflections during that superhuman interlude reveal any particularly new insights. Of the extraordinary possibilities of the plot not a few are neglected in favor of such questionably "humorous" anecdotes as the relationship between a sex-ridden Lilliputian nurse and her gigantic "non-cooperative" patient. The emphasis is shifted from the diabolic to the metabolic, so to speak. We learn more about the glands that failed than about the Devil who did and, incidentally, emerges from these pages as a rather cute little fellow, at least as compared to the dullness of his average-sized victim.

Jesuit Apostle

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. By James Broderick, S. J. The Wicklow Press, New York. $5.

By JULIE BEDIER

FOUR hundred years ago a man came from Europe to the Far East, tracing a wide arc in his travels over India and the tropical islands that cluster around the southern shores of Asia, on through Japan and to within sight of the coast of China. His stay in each place was brief; at best a year or two, often only a few weeks or months. And yet thousands of the people of those remote coasts found their lives different because he came.

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documented, about the Jesuit Francis Xavier. He has gone to great pains to get all possible information about the saint and to discard the pious myths that seem to grow like barnacles on the fine clean lines of the saints. Xavier's little faults, the limitations of his age and his nationality, only make him more lovable. We learn that Francis did NOT have the gift of tongues as some biographers have gratuitously stated. He was not even particularly good at languages. He had to labor and sweat and cudgel his brains to get the basic prayers and outline of Christian doctrine written down in the various tongue-twisting dialects, making use of poorly trained translators since he could find no others. He spent weeks memorizing the resulting series of sounds so that he could repeat them in his catechism classes, endlessly going over them until children and illiterate grown-ups knew them by heart. He put the words to Basque folk tunes and sang them with the children. Crowds followed him. Daily he went through the streets ringing his big bell to call the children to their instructions, like a Pied Piper for God. We see him going about in threadbare clothes, barefoot, sleeping on the decks of the deathtraps known as sailing vessels in those days, seemingly as unconscious of what he ate as he was of the lush tropical greenery, the blue seas and coral reefs, the heady fragrance of the clove and allspice and cinnamon trees. We see him sitting at the table of a rich Portuguese trader whom he charmed with his gaiety and wit; then, suddenly, with disarming frankness, asking his host which of his Indian concubines he wanted to keep and wed in holy matrimony. The amazing fact is that so many of the traders did reform their lives under his level gaze.

Francis was absolutely fearless; as indifferent to insects, poisonous snakes, wild animals and contagious disease as he was to the head-hunting tribesmen among whom he blithely passed. He walked into the palace of a Moslem prince (dangerous indeed for a Christian priest in those days) with complete aplomb. With the same gay assurance

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he selected his headquarters whenever he stayed over in a city of any size—the horror known as the public hospital. There he spent his nights dressing gangrenous wounds, bathing the neglected and scabby sick, emptying the chamber slops, feeding and administering cooling drinks to the fever stricken, comforting, hearing confessions, absolving. He made his own pallet down beside a dying sinner, just to be there handy when the man decided to make up with God.

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The Literary Left

YET OTHER WATERS. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard. $3.75.

By JOHN A. LYNCH

IN a day when some writers are apt to run over with ornate prose, when the better at least try to employ deftness, Mr. Farrell plods. As if the word had not yet reached him, he wearies the reader with the most unadorned, unimaginative writing. The background — Communism, young writers, 1935— may be for a more mature audience, but certainly the style and the accents are not. Here are sentences such as we were taught to write in grade school. Never a nuance for Mr. Farrell.

Yet even out of the background that Communism affords, Farrell has

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not chosen wisely. The contents just about match the form in unattractiveness. And although the author is supposed to be writing a novel, he is really involved with a sociological treatise.

New York, and Bernard Carr is flirting with the Communist party and the party is just about ready to pay his rent if it comes to that, for Bernard is a great writer, his name is in *Who's Who*. But Bernard loves his wife and his child, and a trip back to the hometown, good old Chicago, romancing as of old in Jackson Park, evenings with the folks—all these serve to convince Bernard, by their contrast, of the unwholesomeness of party discipline. He really wants his freedom and he has to make this awful decision. He has to disappoint his literary pals, and Alice, too, an ageless whore who is trying to seduce him into the party. (As the plot narrows to the finish, Alice, for no reason at all, takes off for California, thus removing this stumbling block to a man's righteousness.)

True to his wife and his career, Bernard breaks with the party, "convinced he had made the right decision," returns to Chicago, the novel ends.

What Farrell has had to say about Communism and the case of the writer is not much. The speeches, the taunts, the arguments he has put in the mouths of his party characters are not full-bodied. Some years ago an article in *New Masses* said all of this and said it for keeps. Farrell has not set up a real bogey. And on the other hand his treatments of paternal and maternal love are so awkward that one might think he had never held a child in his arms.

It may be a good try, but it does not come off. This is the third book of a trilogy, and I think it has gone on too long.

A Parable

GOLDEN GOAT. By R. L. Bruckberger. *Pantheon.* $2.

By THEODORE MAYNARD

THE Dominican Father Bruckberger has previously written two

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other little books published as "parables": *Seven Miracles of Gubbio* and *The Stork and the Jewels.* Though I have read neither, I am prepared to believe from the simplicity and lucidity of this that those "parables" are well written—that is, if you can endure anything less excellent than those related by Our Lord. There is a self-conscious tone here that does not very much please me, though I would gather from the praise that the earlier books have received that they met the taste of other people, as probably will happen in this case.

We have here the story of a Rich Man, young, honest, in every way decent, against whom is put a tatterdemalion bum, something of a thief and a chronic drunkard, and not even pious in any obvious fashion. But he loves his Golden Goat, who is the symbol of something or other (Love, I suppose). Though the Worthy Rich Man loves the Golden Goat too, in his own style, his is not a disinterested love, whereas that of the Worthless Poor Man is. But none of this is made unmistakably clear until they both die (preceded into heaven of course by all the other animals in the legends of the saints); then, while we are left with the idea that the Worthy Rich Man does manage to make a safe entrance, it is the Poor Unworthy Man who gets the real triumph, for celestially "they" go by what the Golden Goat has told them, and disregard "the pious ladies of St. Lazare." While I do not question that the opinion of these ladies might be safely disregarded, even a lay theologian may wonder whether the Golden Goat would be permitted to give the deciding vote.

But let me not be too captious. The tale is one of the rich and the poor, and from other parables, and still more explicit statements, we have been warned that it is hard for the rich to save their souls. But with this has been coupled the assurance that this is not impossible, even if it is like squeezing through the needle's eye.

The only apparent fault of this Rich Man is that he was rich, and the Poor Man in the parable does not show positive repentance, even

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though his general goodness of heart —as against his general disreputableness—may perhaps be taken as the equivalent. However, it might be unfair to press a member of the Order of Preachers too hard. Presumably his parable has passed muster with his Superiors. One must say that its gently ironic points will serve to instruct Christians who are sometimes too disposed to overlook them.

The City

WINTER IN LONDON. By Ivor Brown. Doubleday. $3.50.

By CAROL H. WEISS

WHILE some Britons roar around in jets setting supersonic speed records, Ivor Brown is contentedly ambling around London on foot. And to judge by this record of his junkets, he's having the better time.

Winter in London is a collection of leisurely essays on the joys of exploring the city. "Wandering up the street and looking around the corner, that really is the matter of this book," Mr. Brown, a former editor of *The Spectator*, explains. "Any street of your acquaintance has a secret history . . . Strange events and strange people caused it to be built in what was once a meadow or a fowler's marsh to Tudor London." The guide-book spots are not his cup of tea. There is no Westminster Abbey, no Houses of Parliament, no Bank of England, or courts of law, no supper clubs or theaters or colorful cockney markets. This is a Londoner's London, inhabited more by historical ghosts than by tourists.

Here Browning lived after Elizabeth's death; this was the site of Shakespeare's Globe Theater; Karl Marx is buried in a simple grave at Highgate, surrounded by the catacombs of mercantile princes; and Pepys watched the fire of London from this, or a nearby, ale-house on the Bankside. Young Charles Dickens came on Sundays to stay with his family in the Marshalsea Prison where his father was in custody for debt, and Leigh Hunt spent two years in the Horsemonger Lane

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Prison—since torn down—for calling the Prince Regent a fat Adonis scant of breath. Mr. Brown rambles through the city, and from his amazing store of information, peoples the streets with all the most famous Londoners.

But the book is a record of winter in the city, and even a hardy perambulator must sometimes come in out of the cold. And so we are taken to Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors, billiard games and badminton, and the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. In the crypt, King Sebba of the East Saxons, A.D. 677, was buried, along with a celebrated company including Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and the Duke of Wellington. The funeral car of the Iron Duke is on display here, a massive hearse made of the metal of cannon captured in his wars and inscribed with the list of his victories.

It is a captivating London that Ivor Brown knows. And he tells about it in beautifully constructed sentences; you can almost see him strolling along, with his coat collar turned up against the winter wind, turning and polishing the phrases in his mind. Everyone can enjoy these excursions, but to those for whom London already has familiar associations *Winter in London* must surely be most appealing. Perhaps Doubleday published it here to entice the American traveler and his dollars to linger on past the tourist season. Or maybe its message is that there is much to be seen everywhere if we'll only get out of the car. Do some reading and look around, and you can find richness and drama in Kansas City or Weehawken.

REVIEWERS

New contributors to the book section this week are:

Rev. John S. Kennedy, editor of the Hartford Transcript, who writes literary criticism for the Catholic diocesan press and is well known for his public book reviews before groups all over the country.

Hans Sahl, New York theatre and art correspondent for the Swiss paper, Neue Zuercher Zeitung.

Other reviewers are members of the editorial staff or frequent contributors to The Commonweal.

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